

R. BASSANO MAIL
Published every Thursday
Wallace J. Smith
Editor and Publisher

A WAY OUT NEEDED

But Huffman, in this case, of the Mail, does not see the terms of the C. P. R. irrigation land policy. He points to the present condition of the irrigation farmer, a position, he declares, is untenable and cannot continue.

What, Mr. Huffman would like to know, does the future hold for the irrigation farmer?

That is a problem which is of grave concern to every rural and urban, resident of the irrigation block. It is a problem which requires immediate attention, and possibly is the reason for the recent visit of R. W. Beatty, president of the C. P. R., and other company officials.

After nearly a quarter of a century of experimenting the irrigation block has failed to prove a financial success for either the farmer or the company. Millions of dollars have been spent in building and maintaining the project, and the returns have been small. Every year an additional loss in operation has been recorded on the company's books, and every year (or at least over a period of years) the farmer has failed to meet the terms of his contract.

No one familiar with the situation doubts but that the railway company heartily wishes it had stuck to the business of railroading and not embarked on the irrigation scheme.

While not familiar with the technical details of the situation, we do know that the project has proved a financial failure for both parties to the contract. Perhaps, in the days of two dollars and fifty cents when the farmer paid his way and the company met expenses, But those days are past. What the farmer and the company could or should have done then has no effect on the present situation.

As pointed out by Mr. Huffman, the company's downward revision of land values, its offer to accept a one-fourth share of the crop and credit the farmer two dollars for every dollar he paid on his contract is a frank admission that the origin of the contract is impossible of fulfillment.

The problem today is to give the irrigation farmer a workable plan whereby he can be assured of a security of tenure for his home and family, a plan which will enable him to work his way toward independence without having to spend the rest of his years in abject slavery.

When Mr. Beatty rode in a motor car over the rough and rock prairie trail from Bassano to the irrigation dam and back last week, we wonder what he thought of the road. It is, in fact, not a road at all. It is the disgraceful condition is the object of many sarcastic remarks by visitors who frequently go out to see the big dam. One would think that the C. P. R. would at least build a half decent road to their most important engineering works on the prairies.

APPLES AT GLEICHEN
The Gleichen Call publishes a story of Thos. Wilson, Gleichen farmer, who has eight acres of Wealthy apple trees. The trees are about 20 years old, says the Call, and for the past five years have been producing very fine fruit. The crop this year was the equal in taste and size of any imported fruit.

SUGAR BEET CROP
Raymond sugar factory has opened for operations for the 1932 season. The prospects are that the crop of sugar beets will reach last year's record crop of 100,000 tons.

ALBERTA'S PURCHASED CATTLE
Alberta had, according to the 1931 census, a total of 42,310 head of purchased cattle in that year, compared with 40,345 in Saskatchewan, 17,619 in British Columbia, and 22,568 in Manitoba. Alberta was among all the provinces in this respect, and third also in respect of number of purchased sheep, being only by Ontario first, and Quebec second.

Not the Charge
Accused: "How could I commit forgery when I can't write my own name?"
Judge: "You are not accused of writing your own name."

Maybe He Did
Jones: "I wish I were dead!"
Friend: "Can't you hurry off, or die yet?"

Teacher: "Now, can anyone tell me what water is?"
Sammy: "Yes, sir; it's the kind of stuff that turns black when you put your hands in it."

"Have you heard about the women of this village forming a secret society?" she said.
Hubby laughed.

"That's good, that is," he said.
"Why, women don't know how to keep a secret."
"Oh, but this society isn't going to keep secrets! It's going to tell them," she replied.

HEALTH



GET IT OVER WITH

It was hoped that the popular idea which prevailed not so many years ago to the effect that a child should "get it over with" in regard to certain of the acute communicable diseases while still in his cot or during the toddling years, had long since disappeared. While this feeling, through bitter experience, is no longer as strong as it was formerly, yet there is still an unfortunate tendency on the part of some otherwise intelligent parents, to feel that such and such a disease is inevitable anyway, and that the sooner the child comes down with the disease in question, the better it will be for himself and for all concerned.

"It's bound to catch it sooner or later, so why worry?" is the substance of the excuse one still occasionally hears. The question of whether the infant will make the grade or not does not enter into consideration or, at least, find expression in words, until a younger child usually the youngest of a family—succumbs and the lesson is learned. This attitude of mind, which is part and parcel of a fatalism now centuries old, is not only responsible for such needless suffering in a personal way, but is one of the outstanding factors in the spread of disease of an epidemic nature.

It is quite true that some diseases are very easily spread; that by sneezing, coughing, or by close contact one is likely to pass on an infection. This is especially the case with regard to the acute infections of childhood. It is equally true that by judiciously avoiding all sources of contact with an individual, sick with an acute fever, it is possible to put off and perhaps to avoid altogether an illness which runs a tragically high mortality early in life. Take, for instance, two diseases of special significance in childhood, namely, measles and whooping cough. Under the age of two years, twenty and sometimes thirty out of every hundred children with either of these diseases, succumb to com-



Time for Bulbs

Few phases of gardening are as simple and satisfactory as the culturing of spring flowering bulbs. No matter what difficulties have been experienced in growing other flowers there should be no trouble in securing high mortality among hyacinths, daffodils, or any of the smaller types. There is no cultivation, no spraying and no strapping.

This is the ideal time to plant these bulbs in most parts of Canada. In the warmer districts, the job may be put off till late October, and there are records of actual planting in December, when the ground has not been frozen, and good blooming tulips resulted. But from the middle to the end of September is generally conceded the proper period. As a general rule most gardeners wait until the regular growth has been cut down by the first frost as they do not wish to disturb the present bloom.

It is important to get full sized, heavy bulbs, free from any mildew or other disease. There is a vast difference in price and quality. "Mixes" are almost unknown with the full sized bulbs, but frequent enough with undersized, cheap ones for the simple reason that there is not enough food stored up in such to produce foliage and flowers too.

As a general rule these spring flowering bulbs are planted to a depth of three times the diameter. This will mean about three or four inches for daffodils and hyacinths, and only a two inches for the crocuses and other tiny ones. The exception, and it is a big one, is the tulip. This one must go in much deeper. There are several types of tulips, the single, for first flowers outdoors or forcing inside, the tall, large Darwin, usually in solid colors, and the equally large Breeder, in blended colors. In addition, of course, there are Cottage tulips, smaller than the Darwin, and novelties. For the single, early tulip it is best to plant about six inches deep in clay and up to eight inches in light soil, but the larger Breeder and Darwin should go down from

ten to fifteen inches. This extra depth for tulips is necessary in order to develop deep enough root growth to support the long stems and heavy blooms.

Winter Blooming Flowers

These bulbs can also be grown just by planting a few every two weeks for many weeks until Christmas a succession of bloom will be obtained throughout most of the winter. They are usually planted in fancy bowls or painted tins and the real secret of success lies in getting them properly started. The most satisfactory planting material is special fibre, obtainable at all seed stores. This is clean, moisture absorbing and very cheap, so it can be used over and over again. With it no drainage will be required. One hyacinth will make a fair show in a bowl, but it is best to plant at least three tulips and up to a dozen or fifteen narcissus are often put into the ordinary bowl. The fibre is pressed firmly about the bulbs, and the latter are only planted deep enough to cover all but the tips. The pots are then well watered and stored in some cool, dark place. This starts the bulbs with all but the narcissus which can be grown in the open window. A temperature of around 50 degrees is about right though it will not matter if it goes lower. The pots should not be allowed to dry out. Tulips, daffodils, and hyacinths are left in this cold dark place until the pots are filled with roots and the stems have started to grow. Some varieties will take longer than others, and this by selecting the most advanced bulbs and bringing out a few pots at a time, a long blooming period can be obtained. From the display the pots are brought into full light and a normal room temperature. They are watered liberally and soon reach the blooming stage. Once the flowers are open keep as cool as possible, especially at night in order to prevent wilting. This rule applies to all indoor blooms and flowers.

Moving Time

Early spring is the best time to move most perennial flowers, shrubs and young trees, though if necessary

High School Tests

TESTS

September 30 - 30

GRADE 12

Donaldson, Robt	4	33
Gardner, Roy	4	33
McDonald, Margaret	4	33
Scott, George	4	33
Stiles, Owen	4	33
Thompson, David	4	33
Plummer, Phyllis	4	33

GRADE 11

Angell, Bill	4	31
Barth, Fred	4	31
Barth, Russell	4	31
Buchan, Margaret	4	31
Cador, Pauline	4	31
Cador, Phyllis	4	31
Ford, Austin	4	31
Holmes, Harry	4	31
Johnson, Archie	4	31
Maurer, Donald	4	31
Playfair, Fred	4	31
Plummer, Ben	4	31
Plummer, Dorothy	4	31
Stiles, Ted	4	31
Thompson, Fred	4	31
Wright, Christina	4	31
Ungarian, Jessie	4	31

GRADE 10

Cawsey, Lorne	6	43
Easterbrooke, Yvonne	6	43
Harper, Margaret	6	43
Hartley, Bob	6	43
Pearson, Doris	6	43
Plummer, Betty	6	43
Sambrooke, Lowell	6	43
Smith, Gordon	6	43
Stages, William	6	43
Stiles, George	6	43
Thompson, Vernon	6	43
Travis, Helen	6	43
Wright, Norman	6	43

Grade 9

Bacon, John	1	7
Beeber, Dorothy	4	13
Bowman, Margaret	4	13
Johnston, Betty	3	5
Johnston, Jean	6	2
Macdonell, Constance	4	1
Macdonell, Daniel	4	1
Mat, Patricia	5	5
Smith, Jack	2	8

placations arising therefrom. After two years of age, there is a considerable drop in the deathrate, and from the age of five onwards, practically all cases recover.

Just because measles and whooping cough are prevalent in a community is no reason why children of all ages should not be protected from them, and this precaution is especially indicated in the case of the very young child.

Questions concerning health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 124 College St., Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

Test	Grade 12	Grade 11	Grade 10	Grade 9
Math	33	31	43	7
Science	33	31	43	7
English	33	31	43	7
History	33	31	43	7
Physical Education	33	31	43	7
Art	33	31	43	7
Music	33	31	43	7
Home Economics	33	31	43	7
Foreign Languages	33	31	43	7
Other	33	31	43	7

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History	33	31	43	7
Physical Education	33	31	43	7
Art	33	31	43	7
Music	33	31	43	7
Home Economics	33	31	43	7
Foreign Languages	33	31	43	7
Other	33	31	43	7

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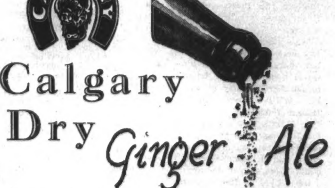
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THE BASSANO MAIL

By G. M. Power

SECOND INSTALLMENT

SYNOPSIS: The kid's name was Bob Reeves, but back home on the Brazos they called him Tiger Eye, because one eye was yellow—the eye with which he sighted down a gun barrel. His father was "Killer" Reeves, but the boy did not want to kill. If he stayed home he would have to carry on his father's heels, so he headed his horse, Peeco, northward to Montana and encountered Nate Wheeler, who drew his 45 and fired just as Tiger Eye did. The kid didn't want to kill Nate, only to cripple him, but his aim must have been wild, for Wheeler dropped from his horse. Babe Garner came riding up. Wheeler was a "nasty", he said, and had it coming to him. Tiger Eye accompanied Garner. Now go on with the story.

Babe Garner had 8 sang chaps, but he b approached save from one direction, up a bare, steep little ridge to a walling-hill where the springs bubbled out from the rock wall and oozed away through ferns and tall grass with little blue flowers titling on its sides.

When they had eaten, Babe took a paper-bound novel down off a high shelf where many more were piled. He glanced at the kid inquiringly. "Glad to read if you want," he offered. "Make yourself to home, Bob."

"Heckon I'll take a ride," the kid said quietly. "Aim to get the lay of the land."

"Oh, sure," Babe studied the kid from beneath his lashes. "Want any help? We're pardners for now or 'Tiger Eye'."

"Don't need he'd right now, thanks," said the kid. "I'll get still and read your book, Babe. I'll come back."



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"Give this signal when you come up the trail, Tiger Eye," he directed, and wheeled a trail like the cry of some night bird. "The Poole boys hail each other that way at night. Suffer. You hear that call, you know it's a friend."

"Thanks," said the kid, and repeated the signal accurately. "Shoah will remember it, Babe."

Babe went back to his bed and his book, but though he stared at the open page he did not read a line for five minutes. He was wondering about the kid.

The kid was wondering, too, but not about Babe. He was wondering who would do Nate Wheeler's chores and he was wondering who would take in the coin that her husband was dead, and who would meet that baby when it toddled out in its little pink dress, and give it a ride on a horse.

The kid did not ride back the way Babe had brought him. He circled around another way, and so came into the trail from the north instead of the south. He hoped the boy of Wheeler had been discovered before, but it had not.

The trail of a sharp lode down the lower slope and around the point of rocks, across the wide mouth of the coulee and up to a gate not far from the house.

A woman's face at the window peered out at him. The kid felt that hot streak of shame shoot up his face as her step came toward the door. But the chill of the message he carried dated him as the door pulled open three inches and looked at her thin, worried face showed there any time now. It is—the man—

"Irene, ma'am. There's a man layin' back up there a piece in the road. I—ye yash yash—home!"

"No, Nate's gone." She opened the door another three inches and looked at him unafraid. "He ought to be back any time now. Is it—the man—"

"Lead, I reckon."

"Oh! is he—do you know who it is?"

"No'm, nevad did see him before. A—was he ridin' a blackn'ti horse?"

"Nate! They've got Nate! They said they would—they nailed a warning on the gate—they killed him. Where is he? Is he far? I'll go with you. The murdering devil! How far is it?"

"No'm, ye'll bettah stay right here. I'll tote him in, Ma' Wheeler, I'll tote him on his horse."

The mother stood upon the step and watched him go, her hand clutching her skirt from the last direct surrasy. Her face was white and her mouth was grim.

He knew there was no murder in her mind; not for him who brought the message—for the man who had shot her husband.

A black sense of being smothered by circumstances swept over the kid. It wasn't fair. He wasn't a killer, he hadn't wanted to kill. He was a lay dead because of the kid's bungling shot.

Shoah funny, Babe Garner belin' right there close where he could see and hear the explainin'—just took it for granted the kid only did what he had to. Never said a word, either, about that poor shoahin'.

Getting Wheeler on the pinto, tying him on with his own rope—like totin' a deer out of the hills along the Brazos. The kid worked calmly enough but he worked fast and he did not look straight at Nate Wheeler's face; not once. Babe's name hung in the air, and down would have done just as well. Better. A damn sight better for the woman and that baby.

She was down by the gate, waiting in the dusk, when the kid came riding up, leading the pinto with his grisly pack. The little woman unfastened the gate, her fingers clinging to the weathered strap-work still in her husband's hands.

She did not speak as the grim burden went through. Just reached out and caught a yawning, lean hand and laid it swiftly against her cheek and let it go. The kid swallowed hard and turned his tiger stare straight ahead, up the trail toward the darkened cabal.

"I'll go fix the bed for him," she announced dully, coming up as the kid sat at the doorstep and swung limberly down from the saddle.

The kid was unfastening the rope where the last hitch had been taken

in the middle of Nate Wheeler's back. The body had sagged to one side and the kid lifted it by one arm—the one he meant to use for "shoot down." The arm gave flump in his grasp, the bone shattered above the elbow; and the kid tumbled to an amazed immobility for ten seconds, his mind blank, his fingers groping and testing.

Arm shook was plucked, all right. Not a sound in the world about that. Punny the kid hadn't noticed it before. But, then, Wheeler had fallen on that side, and his arm had been underneath, and the hole in his head was too plain to miss seeing. It had never occurred to the kid to look at that arm. Hadn't happened to get that it when he loaded him on the pinto, either. Hell, he hadn't missed after all! Hit the arm right where he aimed, up above the elbow where there was only one bone to bust and no great harm done. Few weeks in a sling, arm good as ever.

The kid felt the little head waves in his spine as the kid's voice from the doorway, and the heat warmed and dissipated that cold lump he had been carrying in his chest on his hand.

She stooped now and picked up the baby and set him astride one bony hip and wiped his nose and cheeks with a corner of an apron. Red-headed little tike, that baby. Red-headed like his pappy. It pointed now to Wheeler and said, "Daddy go!" twice, waving his chubby arm toward the bed.

That did something to the woman, kinda. She grabbed the baby's arms down and stared away, quick, and down on a rocking chair and started moaning and rocking, the baby's face pressed so close against her shoulder that his little, stubby nose was flattened and it kicked like a calf at the branding fire, trying to get loose.

"Anything you'll want me to do, mink, or anything like that?" The kid stood by the door with his hand kicked staid in his hand, trying to keep it out of his face.

"No-oh, no-oh, feed the pinto—and feed the team—" The little woman still rocked the baby, speaking lightly like that between her moaning.

The kid went out and led Peeco and the pinto down to the stable. Dark back in there Peeco sorted a little, but he'd stand, all right. No use having him out in sight—not in a country where neighbors hollered.

"Draw me coyote!" and then started popping it right at her, without waiting to see if you'll were going to draw.

The chores were soon done. How about a grave? Plump foolish to start diggin', unless he knew where to dig. She ought to have the say about that, but he hated to ask her. Riders coming: Poole men, maybe, after Nate Wheeler. They oughtn't to bother the widow now, the way she was feeling. The kid started running. He reached the cabin door and opened it while the riders were still at the gate.

"Men, a-comin'!" heah, ma'am. If you'll don't want 'em—"

"Oh, let 'em come," she answered warmly. "They can't do any more damage. They've got Nate—they ought to be satisfied with that."

She got up and crossed the room, and presently the kid saw her face, dead white in the flare of a match she was drawing across the lamp wick.

The riders stopped outside the cabin and some one whistled a call—but it was not the night-bird call that Babe Garner had taught the pinto. This was the first strain of that old war song, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." The kid's lips puckered thoughtfully and he began to hum the strain, standing just inside the closed door. Friends, they must be; that is, friends of the Wheelers. He wouldn't have to die.

He heah, ma'am. If you'll don't want 'em—"

He opened the door and the men came in, four of them, one after the other. They were farmers-looking men, with stably cheeks that stuck out on one side with great cuts of tobacco.

po. The kid felt a vague distaste for them.

They halted at sight of him, huddling just within the room instead of scattering. But the kid's hat was off, and though it dangled from his left hand he looked at home there, somehow. Besides, they had got their signal all right. The leaders relaxed, dropping his hand to his side.

"We come to tell Nate there's a monster over to Hans Becker's place and we'd like to have him go along." He cast another suspicious glance toward the kid, and checked what more he would have said. "You better get ready and go too. The women are talkin' about stayin' all together over there, where it's a big house and plenty of room, till we git the Poole—" He stopped again. "This boy workin' for you?" he asked abruptly.

"He's been helping me—"

"Oh, I don't call him a monster. Yuh want to look out for strangers. What's that?"

The little woman lifted her hand from patting the baby, and pointed one finger to the corner where stood the bed.

"Sick!"

A headsake was his answer, and the kid did not move.

"No time to go on a foot, with the Poole—"

"They got him." Nate's wife spoke in that dull, level tone which the kid hated to hear. "Shot him on the road somewhere. The boy found him and brought him home."

The kid stood aside for them, as they rushed to the bed to look at Nate, but no one paid any attention to him. Not then. The tall man brought the lamp and the examined the body thoroughly. They muttered together, but the kid could not hear what they said because he stayed back, near the foot of the bed. Near the door, too. No use letting them block the way out, even if they did think he was working for the Wheelers.

There was a sudden and significant pause. The tall man snatched over and probed carefully with his finger, then stood up and spat over his shoulder into the shadows. He looked past his companions, fixing his unpleasant gaze on the boy of the Wheelers.

(continued next week)

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... without exception, when chemically analyzed, have proven to be equal in quality, and in some cases superior, to imported brands. Alberta Beers are guaranteed free from any deleterious substances or chemicals.

Support Alberta Industries

AGENTS FOR THE BREWING INDUSTRY OF ALBERTA
DISTRIBUTORS LIMITED

PHONE 82 BASSANO

This advt. is not inserted by the Alta. Liquor Control Board or by the Government of the Province of Alberta

WANT ADS

TENDERS FOR COAL
Sealed tenders for the supply of approximately 100 tons of Midland Standard Coal at the Hamilton Hospital are invited. The coal to be delivered at the Hospital as required. Tenders to be delivered to the undersigned by October 4th, and marked "Tenders for Coal".
HENRY W. FORD, secretary.

M. N. Foien

AUCTIONEER

Foen's Sale Dates

A. H. VITTOR, 4 miles south of Hinton P. O.; Friday, Sept. 24.
Mrs. ELEANOR ROYBROOK, half mile west of Hinton P. O.
WATCH for date of Gibson Irwin's sale at Duchess.

Get your Dates Now

W. W. Robinson, Monday, Oct. 31st, three-quarter mile east of Countess.
M. N. FOIEN
Box 32, Duchess, Alberta

Men's Sweaters

A fine, close-knit sweater; large collar; color all black; pure wool, quality assured.
splendid value, \$3.50

Men's Union Suits

Fine knit wool underwear, long sleeves, ankle length; soft and comfortable.
price, \$2.65

Men's Socks

Cartwheels, pure wool worsted sock; reinforced heel and toe; color weather; made in Alberta.
50c a pair

Boys' Underwear

Extra well made, the inner surface thickly seamed; warm and comfortable; non-scratch.
\$1.20 a suit

Men's Pants

All wool "twend pant"; extra long wear; dressy fawn and dark grey.
\$3.45 a pair

Rubber Footwear

The well known Dominion rubbers and overshoes; Jersey cloth articles, for men and women

Blankets

Largest size flannelette blankets, with pink and blue borders. Buy now and save.
special, \$2.49

GROCERIES

FRUIT SPECIAL, 1 can
Strawberries, 1 can Red Pitted Cherries, 1 can Pineapple, 1 can Plums, all for 69c
SALMON, 1 lb. tin 29c
SWENSEN JAR HOCKEYERS 15c
COCOA, 1 lb. tin, McLean's 35c
PARAFFIN WAX, for jelly jars, per pkg. 20c
CERTA, for jelly making, per bottle 35c
COFFEE, Star Special, 4 lbs. for \$1.00
TEA, Our Special broken orange pekoe, per lb. 50c
CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP, 3 tins for 35c
SARDINES, Connor's, 1 in oil special, 5 tins 25c
SODA BISCUITS, dollar size, 45c
GRAHAM WAFERS, per pkg. 25c
GELATINE, Horne's, per pkg. 15c
PRINCES SOAP FLAKES, 5 lbs. for 60c

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

ORANGES, sweet and juicy 3 doz. for \$1.00
CANTELLOUPE each 10c
PEACHES, Niagara, Ontario \$1.65
ITALIAN PRUNES, Ontario, per basket \$1.25
Wealthy Apples, McIntosh Red Apples (heavy pack) Pears

JAMES JOHNSTON

The Quality Store

The Oxford Group

ON
Look Beyond the Surface

by Rev. K. R. MacFadyen, B. D.
In a certain locality one farmer grew six hundred bushels of potatoes on six acres. Another farmer grew an equal number of bushels on one acre. The potato tops and all other outward appearances of each plot of ground seemed alike, except that the farmer with six acres had more tops and better evidence of a good crop than the farmer with the one acre. The actual results at harvest time showed that one man had to his credit a six times greater yield on only one acre of ground than the other farmer on his six acres—even though the outward manifestations were against the former and in favor of the latter. The above facts as stated tend to show that men may work hard and as far as outward appearances of their work go, all may be similar, and yet the actual results obtained in each case may be disappointing. Indeed, it often happens that what seems the most promising ultimately results in almost total failure.

In farming, the things that make one piece of ground vastly different from another are the things that make the soil and the things that make the soil. In other words, the things that make the soil in the long run, in farming or for that matter in any other kind of work, are the things that are invisible and that are not considered by the non-believer.

From what has been said we may learn that it does not pay to estimate or predict results upon the temporary claims or upon the superficial appearance of that which has not had its actual value ascertained by its having been tested and tried by experience.

What has been stated is especially true in religious work. Certain churches within the different denominations have had more or less conspicuous success. On the other hand, churches, religious movements and groups that have had great promise and that were held out as the God-gifted means to reform the world, have fallen far short in attaining their loudly proclaimed goal.

All the existing conditions, whether good or bad, within the different denominations, can be traced back to their definite cause. It is, however, not necessary to refer to these here. Suffice to say that the world seemed to be out of order religiously. Such was an opportune time for some religious group to make its appearance, claiming to have the real and only remedy for all the ills of the churches and of the world.

Conditions being as they are the so-called new Oxford Group movement would naturally create a great stir, and have many followers; but their claims or what they can do are and are doing may be different from what the actual results will be when judged in the light of time. We have to look beyond the surface in predicting what the results may be. In England there is a sharp division already existing over their methods and practices in that country. According to the Bishop of Durham they are leaving "moral and intellectual wrecks along their pathway."

It is my opinion that the Gospel is the sure and solid foundation that has been laid down by our Lord and Savior, and all who build upon that will be safe for time and for eternity. At any rate, we need solid foundations upon which to build the things that will work for the uplifting and well-being of mankind. We cannot overlook the facts of the past and try to build upon untried and supposed God-guided methods of the present. However, the Oxford Group have created a stir that Christians can use to advantage.



BOWLING

Ladies' and Gents' Prizes given each week for highest scores bowled

Good Game - Good Exercise - Good Alleys

FOSTER'S BOWLING ALLEYS

Bassano, Alberta

LOCAL NOTES

Miss Norma Milroy was a visitor to Calgary last Monday.

Leslie, three son of R. Bray, of Maplemead, is a patient in the local hospital. He has appendicitis trouble and his operation may be necessary.

The W. I. will meet at the home of Mrs. H. D. Bacon on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 3.

John Berger, who has been at Calgary for the past couple of years, is coming back to Bassano and taking over the H. D. Bacon place, most of town now occupied by Fred Zepher, H. D. Bacon on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 3.

Dr. Gordon Dowling, of Abber, Sask., accompanied by his mother, was a recent visitor in Bassano for a couple of days, guest of Dr. and Mrs. A. G. Scott.

Don't forget the old timer's dance and what drive in the Masonic Community Hall, Friday evening (Sept. 24) at the hotel has this week. Sept. 24 at the hotel has this week. Sept. 24 at the hotel has this week.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Gooling, of Gern, on Tuesday, Sept. 24, at the Bassano Hospital.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Houston, of Lathrop, on Sunday, Sept. 24, at the hotel hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McKinnon, who spent the summer at Durham, Ont., returned home this week.

Services in Knox Church next Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Rev. K. R. MacFadyen will preach a sermon on the subject, "The Life that Wins the World and Happiness."

Special music. Sunday school at 11 a.m.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Neum and Family.

IN MEMORIAM
MacLEAN: In sad but loving memory of our dear daughter Catherine Forbes MacLean, who passed away Sept. 27, 1930.

In our hearts lies a picture of a loved one gone to rest. Who will always be remembered by the ones who loved her best. No more will the smile of her countenance brighten.

The dark dreary hours of her friends left behind. But all those who know her can never forget her.

Her way was so cheery, so loving and kind. Sadly missed by her Father and Mother.

MacLEAN: In loving memory of our dear sister "Katie." Short and sudden was her call. She so dearly loved by all. But oh, how sweet the promise given.

We'll meet with her again in Heaven. Ever remembered by her Sisters and Brothers.

Auction Sale
at the farm of
F. W. Robinson
three quarter mile east of

Countess
MONDAY, OCT. 3rd
sale starts 9:30 a.m.

5 head Horses
1 team geldings, black and bay; 1 team bay geldings; 1 white mare.

Harness and saddle
100 Barred Rock chickens,
all pure bred

Threshing outfit consisting of Case 26-40 tractor, Case 28-46 steel separator, Fergus.

65 Head of Cattle
Registered Holstein bull.
21 head of milk cows.

6-3 year old heifers, 12 two-year old heifers, 7 yearling heifers, 2 six month old calves, 5 small heifer calves, 3 yearling steers, 5 six months' old steers.

Farm Machinery
Essex Lift Truck
Household Goods
TERMS, CASH

M. N. FOIEN
Auctioneer - Duchess

Special Showing of New Fall Hats

at less than city prices

DIRECT from the EAST

in new Felts, Velvets, Satins

in ALL THE SEASON'S LATEST COLORS

Very moderately priced

Felts \$1.95

Velvets and Satins \$2.50

NO BETTER VALUE ANYWHERE

Extra Specials from the Ladies' Wear Section

HOUSE DRESSES

JUST ARRIVED - A large range of smart, new House Dresses in Printed Broadcloths. Patterns; new styles; two prices - \$1.25 and \$1.95

PURE WOOL PULLOVERS

The very latest Monarch knit production for fair wear. Stylish, new garments - \$1.95 each

"ORIENT" SILK HOSE

A new number in pure silk; semi-service weight. Perfect for wear and sheer loveliness; in all the new fall colors; priced at - \$1.00 a pair

THE LATEST in LADIES' FALL FOOTWEAR

Dainty new shoes of high quality; smart styles and perfect fitting. Pump, T. Straps, Oxford. Very moderately priced - \$2.95, \$3.50, \$4.50

MONARCH KNITTING WOOLS

Every woman is knitting these days, and Monarch Dye is the favorite wool for sweaters, pullovers, etc.

15c per 1 oz. ball

WINTER NEEDS for MEN and BOYS at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES

Men's Fleece Combinations, heavy weight \$1.45

Men's 2 Thread Fine Ribbed Combs., in 3 weights \$1.69, \$2.15, and \$3.35

Men's Heavy Ribbed 100 per cent Pure Wool Combs. \$2.50

Men's Cardigan Coats, 100% pure wool \$2.95

Men's Heavy Winter Work Shirts in moleskin, suede doe and suede cloths, priced at \$1.45, \$1.75, \$1.95 and \$2.25

Men's Work Shoes, Greb standard quality, special \$2.50 a pair

Men's Winter Caps, heavy all wool tweed with fur lined band \$1.25 and \$1.50

Men's Solid Leather Horsehide Pullovers, unlined 65c, 85c and \$1.00 a pair

Men's Horsehide Mitts, warmly lined - 95c a pair

Men's Heavy Jumbo Knit All Wool Coat Sweaters very special \$2.95

GROCERY SPECIALS Good values for Sat. and Mon. Sept. 30 and Oct. 2



MUSTARD, Heinz prepared, 6 oz. jar 15c
TEA, A. G. Economy broken orange pekoe, per lb. 39c;
real value at 3 lbs. for \$1.15
COFFEE, A. G. Economy blend, freshly ground or in the bean, per lb 33c
3 lbs. for 95c
TOILET SOAP, Almond Cocos, Palmolive product 3 large bars, 23c
LAUNDRY SOAP, P. & G. White Naphtha 11 bars for 49c

Fruits and Vegetables
BARTLETT PEARS will finish this week. FLEMISH BEAUTIES are now on and very reasonable.
GRAPES, both Ontario and B. C. at new low prices this week.
PRUNES and PEACHES are arriving fresh daily. At their best now.
Our first CRANBERRIES can eat today; price 25c per lb.
HEAD LETTUCE, SWEET SPUDS, FIELD TOMATOES, PEPPERS, CELERY and PICKLING ONIONS, all fresh in for the week-end.

APPLES! APPLES! APPLES!
A large shipment of McIntosh Reds just arrived. Nicely colored and heavy pack. Full weight cases. Sold as packed in orchard. Don't forget to include a case in your order.

Crockery
COUPE SOUPS, Ironstone China, per dozen \$1.35
OATMEAL DISHES, Ironstone China, per dozen \$1.15
DINNER PLATES, Ironstone China, 9 inch, per dozen \$1.65

McKEE'S STORES

"Always at Your Service"

Phone 9